

# SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

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Author of "The Southerners," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.—Sir Henry Morgan, a former pirate, having purchased immunity and knighthood from the king of England, has reformed and has become vice governor of Jamaica. He is deposed and, killing the officers sent to arrest him, determines to become again a freebooter. II.—Benjamin Hornigold, ex-pirate, who has been bitterly wronged by Morgan, joins the fortunes of the latter in order to seek an opportunity to wreak vengeance on him. III and IV.—Having recruited a crew of ex-pirates and other desperadoes, Morgan seizes an English frigate and murders her crew. Off for the Spanish coast in search of treasure, V and VI.—In a desperate action, wherein are shown the daring and resourcefulness of Morgan and the courage of his men, he defeats two Spanish galleons and captures their convoy, a treasure galleon carrying an abbot and priests as passengers. VII.—Morgan shows his qualities by heaving over-

board a mutineer and shooting down a priest who attempts to save the man. VIII.—Wrecked on the Venezuelan coast, near La Guayra, to which city Morgan is attracted by Donna Mercedes de Lara, daughter of the viceroy of Venezuela. IX, X and XI.—Donna Mercedes and Captain Dominique Alvarado, comandante of La Guayra, are in love with each other, but the unknown parentage of Alvarado prevents their marriage. Donna Mercedes is betrothed by her father to Don Felipe de Tolar, friend of Alvarado. Alvarado is tempted by his love for her to forsake his duty to the viceroy and Don Felipe and to fly with her instead of conveying her safely from Caracas to La Guayra. He resists. XII and XIII.—On the journey to La Guayra rather than give up her lover Donna Mercedes attempts her own destruction. He rescues her and yields to her arguments that love outweighs honor and duty.

(Continued from Saturday)

"Now, good fathers," began Morgan, "you have doubtless been curious to know why you were not put to death. I saved you not because I loved you, but because I needed you. I had a purpose in view. That purpose is now apparent."

"What would you do with us, señor?" asked Sister Maria Christina, the abbess.

"A little service, my sister. Bring up the ladders, men. See, there are seven all told. That will be four apiece to four ladders, with one priest over for good measure and to take the place of any that may be struck down."

"And what are we to do with them, señor?" asked the leader of the priests, Fra Antonio de las Casas, drawing nearer to the captain.

"You are to carry them to yonder wall and place them against it."

"You do not mean," burst out Alvarado painfully, for he could scarcely

speak from his wounded cheek, "to make this holy woman and these good priests bear the brunt of that fire from the fort?"

"Do I value the lives of women and priests, accursed Spaniard, more than our own?" questioned the captain, and the congenial sentiment was received by a yell of approval from the men.

"But if you are tender-hearted I'll give the defenders a chance. Will you advise them to yield and thus spare these priests?"

"I cannot do that," answered Alvarado sadly. "Tis their duty to defend the town. There are twenty here; there are hundreds there."

"D'ye hear that, mates?" cried Morgan. "Up with the ladders!"

"But what if we refuse?" cried one of the priests.

"You shall be given over to the men," answered Morgan ferociously. "whereas, if you do as I order, you may go free—those who are left alive after the storm. Do ye hear, men? We'll let them go after they have serv-

ed us," continued the chief, turning to his men. "Swear that you will let them go! There are others in La Guayra."

"We swear, we swear!" shouted one after another, lifting their hands and brandishing their weapons.

"You hear!" cried Morgan. "Pick up the ladders!"

"For God's sake, sir, unsay your words! We cannot place the ladders which will give you access to yonder helpless town!"

"Then to the men you go!" cried Morgan ruthlessly.

"Death," cried the abbess, snatching a dagger from the nearest hand and driving it into her breast, "rather than dishonor!"

She held herself proudly erect for a moment, swayed back and forth and then fell prostrate upon the sand, the blood staining her white robe about the hilt of the poniard. She writhed and shuddered in agony where she lay, striving to say something. Fra Antonio sprang to her side and before any one could interfere knelt down.

"I—I have sinned," she gasped. "Mercy, mercy!"

"Thou hast done well, I absolve thee!" cried the priest, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead.

"Death and fury!" shouted Morgan, livid with rage. "Let her die unshriven! Shall I be balked thus?"

He sprang toward the old man, stooping over the woman, and struck him across his shaved crown with the blade of his sword. The priest pitched down instantly, a long shudder running through him; then he lay still.

"Harry Morgan's way!" cried the buccaneer, recovering his blade. "And you?" turning toward the other priests. "Have you had lesson enough? Pick up those ladders, or—"

"Mercy, mercy!" screamed the frightened ecclesiastics.

"Not another word! Drive them forward, men!"

The buccaneers sprang at the terrified priests with weapons out. First one and then another way. The only leader among them lay upon the sand. What could they do? They picked up the ladders, and, urged forward by threats and shouts of the buccaneers, under cover of a furious discharge from Hornigold's muskets, they ran to the walls, imploring the Spaniards not to fire upon them.

When the Spanish commander perceived who were approaching, with a mistaken impulse of mercy he ordered his men to fire over their heads and so did little danger to the approaching buccaneers. A few of them fell, but the rest dashed into the smoke. There was no time for another discharge. The ladders were placed against the walls, and the priests were ruthlessly cast aside and trampled down. In a little space the marauders were upon the ramparts, fighting like demons.

Morgan, covered by Black Dog, with Teach, De Luman and L'Ollonols, was in the lead. The desperate onslaught of their overwhelming numbers, once they had gained a foothold, swept the defenders before them like chaff. Waiting for nothing, they sprang down from the fort and raced maddly through the narrow streets of the town. They brushed opposition away as leaves are driven aside by a winter storm. Ere the defenders on the cast forts could realize their presence they were upon them, also.

In half an hour every man bearing a weapon had been cut down. The town was at the mercy of this horde of human tigers. They broke open wine cellars, they pillaged the provision shops, they tortured without mercy the merchants and inhabitants to force them to discover their treasures, and they inflicted the helpless women.

They were completely beyond control now. Drunk with slaughter, intoxicated with liquor, mad with lust, they ravaged and plundered. To add to the confusion, fire burst forth here and there, and before the morning dawned half of the city was in ashes.

The pale moon looked down upon a scene of horror such as it had never before shown upon even in the palest days of the buccaneers.

CHAPTER XVI.

The musketeers under Hornigold, chosen for their mastery with the weapon, had played their parts with cunning skill. Concealed from observation by the deep shadow of the cliffs and therefore immune from the enemy's fire, they had made targets of the Spaniards on the walls and by a close, rapid and well directed discharge had kept down the return of the garrison until the very moment of the assault.

Again and again Alvarado strove to break his bonds in impotent and helpless fury, but this time he was securely bound, and his captors only laughed at his struggles. In the midst of their grief and despair they both took notice of the poor abbess. Fra Antonio had not moved since Morgan had struck him down, but there was still fire in the woman, for from where they stood, some distance back, the two lovers each marked her convulsive trembling. The sight appealed profoundly to them in spite of their perilous situation.

"The brave sister lives!" whispered Mercedes.

"Tis so," answered Alvarado. "Senor," he called, "the sister yonder is alive. Will not allow us to minister to her?"

"Nay," said Hornigold brusquely. "I will go myself. Back, all of ye!" he added. "She may wish to confess to me in default of the worthy father."

He lurched hideously as he spoke.

"Forward!" cried Alvarado. But his words affected Hornigold not at all.

Before he could say another word the guards forced him rudely back. The worthy Senor Alvarado by this time was in a state of complete and total collapse, but Mercedes bore herself—her lover marked with pleasure—as proudly and as resolutely as if she still stood within her father's palace surrounded by men who loved her and who would die for her.

Rolling the body of the prostrate old man aside, Hornigold knelt down on the white sand by the form of the ab-

ess. The moonlight shone full upon her face, and as he stooped over her he scanned it with his one eye. A sudden flash of recognition came to him. With a muttered oath of surprise he looked again.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed. "And yet—"

After Fra Antonio's brave attempt at absolution the woman had fainted. Now she opened her eyes, although she was not yet fully conscious.

"Water!" she gasped feebly. And as it chanced the boatswain had a small bottle of the precious fluid hanging from a strap over his shoulder. There was no pity in the heart of the pirate; he would have allowed the woman to die gasping for water without giving her a second thought, but when he recognized her—or thought he did—there instantly sprang into his mind a desire to make sure. If she were the person he thought her she might have information of value. Unfastening the bottle and pulling out the cork, he placed it to her lips.

"—die," she murmured in a stronger voice. "A priest!"

"There is none here," answered the boatswain. "Fra Antonio—he absolved you."

"But I must confess."

"Confess to me," chuckled the old man in ghastly mockery.

"Art in holy orders, señor?" muttered the woman.

"Holy enough for you. Say on."

"Fra Antonio, now," she continued, vainly lapsing into semidelirium. "He married us—twas a secret—his rank was so great. He was rich, I poor—humble. The marriages lines—"

"In the cross. There was a—What's that? A shot?" The buccaneers. They are coming! Go not, Francisco!"

Hornigold, bending an attentive ear to these broken sentences, lost not a word.

"Go not," she whispered, striving to lift an arm, "they will kill thee! Thou shalt not leave me alone, my Francisco. The boy—in Panama—"

It was evident to the sailor that the poor woman's mind had gone back to the dreadful days of the sack of Panama. He was right then; it was she. The boy—save him, save him! she cried suddenly with astonishing vigor. The sound of her own voice seemed to recall her to herself. She stopped; her eyes lost their gild glare and fixed themselves upon the man above her, his own face in the shadow as hers was in the light.

"Is it Panama?" she asked. "Those screams—the shots"—she turned, her head toward the city—"the flames! Is it Panama?"

"Nay," answered the one-eyed fierce man. "Tis twenty-five years since then and more. Yonder city is La Guayra. This is the coast of Venezuela."

"Oh—the doomed town, I remember

—now, I stabbed myself rather than—place the ladders. Who art thou, señor?"

"Benjamin Hornigold!" cried the man fiercely, bending his face to hers. For a second the woman stared at him. Then, recognizing him, she screamed horribly, raising herself upon her arm.

"Hornigold!" she cried. "What have you done with the child?"

"I left him at Cuchillo, outside the walls," answered the man.

"And the cross?"

"On his breast. The captain—"

"The marriage lines were there. You betrayed me. May God's curse—nay, I die. For Christ's sake—I forgive—Francisco, Francisco."

She fell back gasping on the sand. He tore the inclosing cloth from her face. In a vain effort to hold back death's hand for another second Hornigold snatched a spirit flask from his belt and strove to force a drop between her lips. It was too late. She was gone. He knew the signs too well. He laid her back on the sand, exclaiming:

"Curse her! Why couldn't she have lived a moment longer? The captain's brat—and she might have told me. Bring up the prisoners!" he cried to the guards, who had moved them out of earshot of this strange conversation.

"The cross," he muttered, "the marriage lines therein. The only clew. And yet she cried 'Francisco.' That was the name. Who is he? If I could find that cross! I'd know it among a thousand. Hither," he called to the prisoners slowly approaching.

As Alvarado, with an ejaculation of pity, bent forward in the moonlight to look upon the face of the dead woman from his torn doublet a silver crucifix suddenly swung before the eyes of the old buccaneer.

"By heaven!" he cried. "Tis the cross."

He stepped nearer, seized the carved crucifix and lifted it to the light.

"I could swear it was the same," he muttered. "Senor, your name and rank?"

"I cannot conceive that either concerns a bloodthirsty ruffian like—"

"Stop! Perhaps there is more in this than thou thinkest," said Mercedes. "Tell him, Alvarado. It can do no harm. Oh, snor, have pity on us! Unbind me!" she added. "I give you my word I wish but to pay my respect to the woman yonder."

"She gives good counsel, soldier," answered the boatswain. "Cut her lashing," he said to the sailor who guarded them.

As the buccaneer did so, Mercedes snuck on her knees by the side of the dead woman.

(To be continued.)

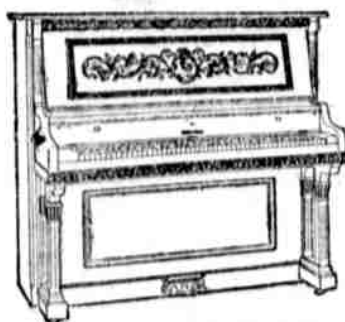
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For many years the BULLETIN has held prize contests to increase interest among its old subscribers and to add new readers to its list. The present contest is the most ambitious prize project ever undertaken by any newspaper in this country; the number, the value and the real merit of the prizes places this contest in a class by itself.

How can the BULLETIN afford to do this? The answer is easy. The Evening Bulletin achieved the greatest prosperity of its existence in 1905—it means to share this success with its patrons in 1906. It not only aims to give the best of all news and publish the best newspaper in this country, but when it starts a prize contest it means to place it on a level with its other features.



it holds good for one year, insuring the life, health and bodily safety of the winner for that period. This is for a preferred risk, more hazardous risks in proportion.

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The contest opens Thursday, February 1, and will close at 5 o'clock p. m. June 16, 1906.

WHO MAY ENTER  
Anyone may enter except persons or anyone in the immediate family of any person in the regular employ of The Bulletin Publishing Co., Ltd.

### "NEW SUBSCRIBERS"

During this contest a new subscriber will be understood to be any person who has not been regularly served with THE DAILY or WEEKLY BULLETIN for thirty days prior to February 1, 1906. Transfers from one member of a household to another will not be allowed, and all names handed in as New must be subject to investigation before votes are allowed.

### THE FINAL COUNT

The final count will be made by three judges, selected from among those having no interest in THE BULLETIN and no active interest in any one of the candidates. The vote will be announced by the judges and the prizes awarded according to their findings, there being no appeal. Subscription accounts and everything pertaining to the contest will be open to their inspection.

### NO TRANSFER OF VOTES

Only one name can be written on any ballot, and transfers of votes from one candidate to another will not be allowed.

## Schedule of Vote Credits

In every copy of the paper there will be printed a coupon which being properly filled out with the name of the party for whom it is desired to vote and deposited with THE EVENING BULLETIN within one week after the day of issue, will be credited as one vote. Additional vote credits will be allowed as follows:

For each NEW subscriber who has not been regularly served with THE EVENING BULLETIN within a period of thirty days prior to the first day of February, 1906, if paid cash in advance, credits will be allowed, as follows:

	Votes.
Daily 1 year	\$8.00 8500
Daily 6 months	4.00 1500
Daily 3 months	2.00 750
Daily 1 month	.75 250
Weekly 1 year	1.00 425
Weekly 6 months	.50 200

Cash payments on all other subscriptions, either payments in advance or on account of arrears, will receive vote coupons when payment is made, but no votes will be credited upon sums less than 50 cents. In other words, votes will be credited for cash payments on regular subscriptions as follows:

	Votes.
Daily 1 year	\$8.00 8500
Daily 6 months	4.00 1500
Daily 3 months	2.00 750
Daily 1 month	.75 250
Weekly 1 year	1.00 400
Weekly 6 months	.50 175